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Fallen angel



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Chapter 1 by Reah

I am falling. I don't know what I did. All I know is that I'm falling, but it can be reversed.

I hit the rough dirt ground of a forest I'm the mortal realm, I curse in pain. I look around to my back, my midnight blue wings are broken and and tattered, drooping from my back like dead weight.

I realize then the full extent of what had just happened. I had fallen from heaven for no reason what so ever.

I am now a fallen angel, but I am still able to redeem myself if I so choose.

Chapter 2 by Tidal_Waves



The only problem? I never listened.

The stories, the songs - everything that had been passed down through generations of my kind. One angel in particular had spoken of his difficulty redeeming himself after having fallen from heaven.

But I never listened.

I never conceived that such a thing could happen to me. I'm scared. I'm lonely. I'm experiencing emotions and sensations that I've never felt before. Pain ripples through my wings. I let out a cry. I've never felt this way before. I look behind me. My wings are now in two lines of ashes.

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Chapter 3 by Rachel



A cold breeze blew through the trees, lifting the ghost of my wings into the night sky. I watched in pain, letting out a wretched cry and falling to my knees as my legs gave out.

I never listened.

Why didn't I listen?!

I hit the ground with in a fit of hysteria, making my fist crack and begin to ooze with black blood. My body was shaking, maybe from the cold, or possibly the feeling I was experiencing.

I was alone. I was going to die.

The thought sent a shiver through my spine.

I sat there, listening to the wind whisper to the trees. It was almost as though they were whispering about me, spreading the news of the fallen angel throughout the forest.

Maybe that was how they found me.

The hunters.

Chapter 4 by -



I was scared and sitting under a tree, curled up when they came for me.

The hunters.

"Jerrick quick, catch him before he runs away!"

"OAOEOAOHOOHAAHOOH!!!" Jerrick gave a victory call as he leaped over and tried a rope around my hands. He was a happy, energetic man. Full of life and zest. "All righty pal, come on with me. Zackie. I got one!"

Zackie ran over and began exami See more of Story Wars

I was lead for many miles

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aint rays of light out through, we reached a black dome. Jerrick tied me to a tree and hopped over some barrels and

into the building. He returned with someone else.

"Hey there... I will be your protector. Call me Dinack." He was a tall, strong, dark haired man. He held his hand out, and then realized I was still tied. "Oh yes, I forgot. I can't release you until after tonight. Jerrick is going to introduce you to your destiny."

Jerrick said he couldn't let me go until after I had sworn to the hunter's rules. He explained to that they took the fallen angels and, if they swore to the oath, the hunters would give them protection.

I asked what they were saving me from. Jerrick said there were demons who endeavored to snatch the souls of fallen angels before they redeemed themselves. He stressed that for those who rejected to take the hunters protection, they would perish eternally.

"So, think about it. You have seven hours to decide your fate..."

Chapter 5 by noah visser



Every second felt like an hour. How could I, a superior to those humans, ever ask help from one? I look at Dinack, realizing that I've become one of them. I'm not an angel anymore. I'm a human now. It's a thing that I have to accept. With this in mind Jerrick walks towards me. "You sure take a long time thinking about it." he says. "Why?" I ask quietly. "Why? You guys have seen what's up there. You know stuff that we don't, you can do stuff we couldn't even imagine doing." he says. Hearing this makes me think of what I thought of a few minutes before. Am I even a human now? I'm neither an angel, and neither a human. "What am I?" I ask. "Isn't that obvious? You're a fallen angel, that should be basic knowledge. Anyway, Dinack is really excited, he's gonna be bound to his first angel. So don't ruin this for him. It has been tough for him lately." I look at Dinack, he's wearing a simple leather jacket, and a dirty pair of jeans. He looks at me, and smiles. With a sad look in his eyes. I look back at Jerrick. "You say that we're able of stuff no one else would be to. What do you want to use us for?"

"That's something I can not tell you. I'm sorry." Jerrick says.

"I think I can help you." I say.

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